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WESTERN STORY -- "Boots Darby, Gunslinger"



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Chapter 1 by Unkie

They called him Boots...Boots Darby. A tall muscular man, handsome, with a chisel cut chin black wavy hair, with, as the dancing girls would say, "the sexiest deep blue eyes west of the Pecos. He certainly didn't fit the image of a ruthless gun fighter, but he was that and more.

He would keep as trophies the boots of those he killed from gun fights and card games, like notches on a gun. Thus his nickname Boots. No one knew where he kept all of them and they didn't want to find out.

Chapter 2 by intellikat



But I knew.

Charles Fentzel. That's me.

How I ended up in Boots' boot cellar was a story to tell... let me tell you. Literally, let me tell you, okay?

Okay. Here goes.

It was a warm summer evening, and I was sitting at the bar, with my shot glasses lining the bar top of my saloon. The Greasy Weasel.

I'm a bit OCD, you see.

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I mean, you do see, don't you?

Please don't let it interfere with my story, but I'm quite neurotic about cleaning. About germs and such. So there I was, cleaning out the shotglasses with a chamois I had bought from Indian Tom.

About six or maybe seven, in walks Boots Darby. He unclasps his gunbelt and slaps it down on a table.

"Beer. For one," he says, lifting a grubby finger.

I side-shuffle to the tap and fill a wet one for Boots. All eyes are on him now as he plops himself down in the chair and coughs.

"Hey Boots," calls out Piano Dave, the piano player hunched over the keys in the gloom. "Killed anyone lately?"

Piano Dave was always saying stupid things like that without thinking. One time he had asked Fishfingers Finnegan about his new girlfriend, the bordello Mexican, and had ended up in the infirmary for a week.

This time, Boots just scoffed.

"Killed alot o' people, Dave. Why d'ya ask?"

"Oh... ahh, uhmm," Dave back-pedalled. "No real reason. Just makin' conversation s'all."

I brought the beer over to Boots.

"Then I suggest yuh start talkin' more with yer filthy piano keys n' less with that flap in yer face yuh call a mouth."

"Sure... ah, sure, Boots," Piano Dave mumbled, and began to plink away at something doleful and quiet. "Was just tryin' tuh connect s'all. Build community and such." There was a collective gulp throughout the saloon.

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Suddenly, the saloon door

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All eyes swivelled and fell upon the Sheriff.

And then they dropped down to eye the new pair of shiny blue stote-skin boots that gleamed upon his feet.

"Booooots," said Sheriff Walber, in his lowan slur. "I believe we need tuh talk."

"What 'bout, Sheriff Walber?"

"Stinky Wong says you ate some chop suey in his restaurant last Friday but never paid."

Boots took a long sip of his beer.

"The day I eat chop suey..." said Boots, "is the day you see me smoke a turd fer dessert. You tell that chinaman tuh stop tellin' lies and start learnin' English. I see his silk-dressed self prancin' about town I'll be sure to reorganize his dumplings, ya see?"

Sheriff Walber cleared his throat.

"That's the kind of talk that's gonna keep this town from the diversity it needs," he said. "I'd like you to step outside with me, Boots. It's about time someone taught you some manners."

Chapter 3 by Unkie



You gonna Challenge me Sheriff? I guess I am Boots, unless you pay your bill at the restaurant. Well let's get it on then said Boots as he stepped toward the street. Boots was not only known as a quick draw, but he was smart...deadly smart. The time was 5pm so he walked toward the position of the sun turned so that his back was to it. Sheriff Walber was straight across from Boots. He was having trouble seeing Boots due to the glare. "Looks like I'll be adding to my collection" said Boots. They reached for their guns.

Chapter 4 by Unkie



Sheriff Walber never stood a chance, he couldn't see Boots because of the glare from the sun in his eyes. Boots mortally wounded him and then walked

up and said "thanks sheriff for them there pretty boots." They look about my size, maybe I'll wear this pair." He then sneered at Sheriff Walber, shot and ended his life.

"Anybody else want a gun?"

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As Boots mounted his horse and rode off, Cole, the town mayor said "we

Got to do somethin about this guy before he takes All Our Boots" I jest may know of a gunslinger who might help, but he's awful hard ta find". "Thing is he could be worst that what we got now".

Chapter 5 by adware



"There ain't a way to track him down, he won't be tracked. No, we'll have to wait, for him to come make use of his tab here. And when he does..."

The mayor turned to me, threw a bag of coins on my bar in front of me.

"You tell him what it is we need him to do. Tell him if he kills Boots in his boots, he's our new sheriff. And give him that gold as bounty-- if I find out you spent it, I'll tell Boots you insulted his mother's footwear personally."

I nodded, put the jangling bag into my apron pocket. Only one of my many concerns made it to my lips.

"How will I know the man, when I see him sir?"

The mayor frowned.

"You must have served him before here, but he's a quiet man-- quiet in his tone and quiet on his feet-- so maybe he left no impression. You'll know him by his moccasins-- only man I know who will cross our great plains with a soft sole."

I thought back on these words as I desperately searched the cellar for something, anything to pick the lock to Boots's safe. I thought back to that simpler time, before I had known that damned fools name-- Slippers.

I finally found my lockpick, a slender spur on one of the pairs of cowboy boots. I ripped it from the leather and fitted a sliver of metal into the safe locked. I jimmied like I'd never jimmied before. The lock finally clicked open-- I had to pry the thick door open, breaking away rust formed where blood had splattered around the frame. Inside was what I had come for.

Slippers's blood stained slippers.

Chapter 6 by Unkie



No. Oh No. These Aren't Slippers. They're Moccasins! Well I guess Boots already was into the

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you." "Okay I won't say it ..what brings you to our town Fanny?" said Charles. "I hear you have a problem that won't go away." "I can rid you of it....for a price" said Fanny.

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